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AFTER ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

An old home with an open door,
And a roof sloped thin with moss;
A well with a sweet at the door,
And a sweep that swings across.

Two windows fronting to the sun,
With vines white as snow;
A porch where the morning-glories run
And the grandsire sits to mow.

A gable, stained with many a crack,
A chimney not tall;
Some ivy, green almost to black,
That covers half the wall.

A chamber content through and through
With the leaves of roses dyed;
A bunch of flag-stones, broad and blue,
And a spinning-wheel out side.

A garden fenced with a paling low,
And out right straight in two
The pathway bordered with rue on one
Of marigolds, pink and rue.

A glimpse of distant woods, but why
Delay to paint the place?
For, after all, you will know it by
The smile-kindness here

Of one, rain will see, who waits for me
In the shadows of the green,
With shoulders bare, and head down bent,
And eyes like the sky of a dove.

So to see mine what flowers you find,
Be mind for fruit, nor be grieved
For just to the face in the shady place,
You will know the home of my Love.

NORWOOD;

OR,

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XV.

AGATA BISSELL.

Agata Bissell was the storm cloud of a severe experience. Her parentage was poor, and would have been industrious but for an unfortunate habit of drinking. Her mother was a woman of decision, of pride of character, of high moral feeling, but more than childhood is hard work, with only a little education. She grew up a kind of patient warrior against trouble. She had known trouble from childhood. Poverty before and poverty after her marriage, were but minor evils. She had seven children. The third child, but first-born daughter, was Agata. No where except in New England could she have been called *Agata*. Her mother was an earnest reader of the Bible. In her continual troubles she seemed to find there no as to a refuge. Isaiah above all writers had fired her imagination. There was something in the hopefulness of the stern prophet amidst abounding troubles that seemed peculiarly congenial to her. In particular she dwelt upon the fifty-fourth chapter; so often had she read it, so often had she stayed her sorrow with its exultant promises, that it had come to seem like a voice sounding out specially for her, and her own name appeared in it she would scarcely have been surprised.

Here had she read, till they mingled with her waking and sleeping thoughts, these words of sublime consolation, naturally high-minded and sensitive, every aspiration had been almost crushed out. Her husband, a good-natured man, could not be redeemed from his vices, and to her proud spirit it seemed as if she were bound to a dead body. Awful thoughts sometimes rose up in her, a horror of temptation, which sent her flying to her chamber for prayer and scripture, like a dove flying from before a swift-pursuing hawk. Then she would plead: "For my Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name. * * * For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit. * * * For a small moment I have forsaken thee, but with great mercies will gather thee."

On some days the clouds came low down, and there was no token of hope. Her little children were hungry, her husband drunk, her own strength giving way, and all the future like an ox-coming storm. Then she would read, "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee!" O, then affliction! tossed with tempest and not comforted, should I? will he try sinners with fair colors, and lay my foundations with sapphires, and I will make thy windows of Agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

This double-edge be quick. For her husband there remained only the sentiment of duty. But all her generous and wounded affections were poured forth upon her children. If by a living death she could save them, and gain a firm foothold for each of them in honorable life, she would willingly have died double daily.

In her poor little dwelling, it may be supposed, were no luxuries. No picture, no print so big as her baby's hand, hung on the wall. She knew no rest, no amusement. Her whole living was a concentrated purpose to bring up her children so that their life should be happier than hers had been. For that, the sun shone—for that, summer and winter came—for that, the Sabbath inserted its seventh golden link in the iron chain of toil—for that, the whole world entered to her, and time itself drew on its train of days and nights! On her feet, in work, wrestling against poverty—on her knees, in prayer, wrestling against temptation and despair, she reared her children, hoping in them at last to find an end of sorrow and a beginning of joy.

When Agata was just born, she looked upon her face with anguish. She seemed to see all her own miseries shining up for the child. She almost felt a pang of guilt for bringing another woman into life to take a place in that long procession of sufferers, of which women have constituted the largest proportion. She hardly wished to look in her face. Long before the minister sprinkled this little new-comer, her mother had baptized her with tears.

As soon as she could sit up, (and the poor recover from the birth of children sooner than the prosperous!)—a rigorous nurse set them, on Poverty's—a stern physician, and, though skilful, bitter even! A weak, sad, alone, except for little children, her days were darker than anything but the nights. There was little difference in the looks of the hour hours, except that the night was darkness plagued with dreams, and the day was darkness plagued with gloomy thoughts. The first day that she could read, her eldest boy brought her a primer. Like all the rest, it would open at the same place. Then she read: "I will wash thy children against." A window is that by which light comes through upon our inward darkness, or by which we look out of darkness into light. If a window of God is made of Agate, then, she thought, an agate must be something more celestial than anything else. What light was so she knew not; but it must needs be somewhat glorious and hopeful. *And all of* thy children shall be *taught of the Lord.*" That was the very understanding of her heart! It seemed as more it borne it upon her that each one, for the Lord's wisdom, through which mothers look forth out of pain and darkness into hope and happiness! She seized the happy thought: "I will call her Agate. Perhaps the Lord will make her like a window to my darkness." Thus she was named!

We omit all diaries. We weigh them in the scale of the ear for sweetness or soundness. We call others, we reject others. We laugh a man's odd and awkward names, and quite justly too, it may be; since sometimes whim, and vagrant fancies, or mere carelessness, so often select them. But sometimes a name is a history. It is like a pictured vase. We see the figures without thinking it was formed into shape and were fashioned, and by what fire the glazing was fused! So there is a history in names. In the heart more touching and simple than that of Job? And in none is there a more touching story than was departing, for she died, that she called his name Bus-ith!—Son of my sorrow.

Growing up in such circumstances, it may well be supposed that Agata's life was one weird

FIG. 1.—THE CHILD SEEKING FOR SUN.

sombre, as if she walked in the shadow of the mountain, in a low and vaulted cavern, with a little light from the entrance behind her, and a dark and dejected, and her troubled day was over.

Agata Bissell was surprised by all her neighbors. Her character seemed, here among her companions, to change as crystal—her whole world became, would have made her a remarkable woman anywhere. She was not handsome by regularity of features; but she had what was better—the expression and charm of a sensible and kind-hearted woman. There was that in her face which one would not willingly see blinded. Her power of intrigation was terrible. Young friendships she had not. She had paid attention to Agata. Good-looking, capable of working, with her mother's discipline and example had not acted upon his self-indulgent nature as a the new example. Agata was the element of Agata.

There is certain sympathy she had felt for him, from a somewhat similar experience of their lives, and she had been pleased with some of his restraints, should it once go free, and love, would seek its mate as eagles do.

It might have been. It never was. One evening he walked upon her to a meeting at Norwood. The way was long,—but too long for him. When they reached the village Agata's step was light. Her face had lost something of its intensity. The light of gladness seemed upon it.

They returned home that night, Tom Templeton and Agata Bissell. Afterward they never again spoke to each other. Agata became a new fellow ever said—he confessed, and she from scorn. For all that, Agata was happy. Her face a look of gladness and light it never had before. The world was not wide enough for her heart. She had found a home with her husband. And yet, under this strong-featured pale face, who can tell what storm of love was raging, like gold mining, in fields over which the sun never shone, and where the pick and shovel do not sequence the gold below or know how to extract the treasure?

CHAPTER X.

MR. WENTWORTH'S MANSION.

We take another step in advance by having noticed our friends into the Doctors house, to get them, hitherto, to wonder about Norwood. Now we shall see it. But there is no danger of making accommodations; for Norwood is not conscious of any. Its manners become homelessness every summer for the pleasure of its visitors, and the beauty of its charming scenery. They is no lack of hospitable hearts, nor are the landlords installed in catering. For all that, our readers had a right to expect an invitation to the Doctor's house; and as the whole family are at home, we will not stand on ceremony, but enter at once.

Approach the old-fashioned mansion through the front yard. Few take notice of the word. The ancient New-England architects seemed to have had a vague idea of a *Monarch road*. As the attempt was exerted not in the case before us, it resulted very nearly in justifying Hume. Never saying that the Doctors roof looked like an old woman's cap, with spectacles mounted on it; for two windows projected from the steep double-leaved roof in a manner that invariably suggested a pair of great eyes! And as there was an open, ornamental railing carried along the eaves and up the gables of the roof, resembling a stiff ruffle, the notion of an old lady's cap and frill once hinted could not be got out of the mind.

The front yard was deep. A straight path led to the front door. On either side of it was a border of shrubs, with intermediate spaces filled with flowers.

A perch of some architectural pretension beside the front door, and was itself at once a

FIG. 2.—THE CHILD FINDING THE SUN.

perch from rails and a trellis for honeysuckles.

Nothing in all our side were spoil, or accomplish with modern wisdom, and clad with glass that doesn't even look distinctive.

No—these little entry receives you in to too much the case in modern houses. The hall of a dwelling gives you the first impressions. Sometimes on entering you fear that by some mistake you have got into a clothes closet; at others, you enter upon a scene so small that it is only by a dexterous interchange of civilities between yourself and the door that you can get in or the door to shut. In some halls, so called, a man sees a pair of sorrowful eyes coming right down upon him, and fears lest by some jaggery he be seized and extracted like a cork into some upper space. Often the doors are so arranged that while with the closing of the outer door and the opening of inside ones, the timid stranger stands in a vortex of jetting hospitality on the one, or flapped front and rear by vigorous springs attached to the doors with such rudeness as to seem that one needs to be expert, or having opened the door, before he can dare through it. All getting back on him with a "now-I've-got-you" look of satisfaction.

Good hospitable entries treat their guests well. There is an exquisite symmetry in all the inside adaptations. You find your coat and hat on a peg, taking the door most likely to let you out, and find yourself walking into a newspaper closet.

A young brave, having acquitted himself well of the last critical sentences, and executed a graceful retreat, and wholly unconscious as to ward the door, with ineffable satisfaction, turns and steps into the china closet! The little girls giggle; the little boys laugh out; the young ladies are confused, and the beau still more so. But, what if it had been the cellar door? On our American, during a terribly fiend whose dining-room and sitting room were on the same floor descending into the cellar, his collar, which, for convenience probably, was worn on the dining-room. We once saw three like and equal doors in a sitting-room, the house itself on the side of the entrance, the next, the cellar; and the third a bed-room. There was only one chance in three for a stranger.

Do you not think that a house reveals the architect's disposition? I do. We know much of a writer from his style. The style of a man's house indicates still more intimately his character. Some houses are like Dr. Spratt, what they are. They paint what they see and feel, and it is this self-part that gives the style. Some subtle part of every man's own spirit goes with his work, is incarnated in it, and gives to it that indescribable something which marks and discriminates one thing from another. Every artist would dip its brush in his own soul, and paint his own nature into his productions.

Why should not the architect, then, introduce into his work something of his own nature? Every house has an expression. Every room has a different sentiment. Some houses are pretties. They are pinched and crimped, and you would expect to see a starched ruffle and white apron on them. Others are goodness itself, comfortable, and you feel as if you could hug them to say: "Why don't you come in?" I am waiting for you." Some dwellings are stately and dignified, and some are cozy and jolly. Every day I see houses that cannot express their sorts at beggarly houses in their neighborhood! The door has an enchanting air. The windows are happy effluxe, and the very cornice has a curl of well-bred contempt. But it is in the interior of nurseries and boudoirs, that the real disposition must be found. The moment you enter some dwellings, your heart cries out spontaneously, "Peace be within thy walls." There is a charm upon the threshold, a joy in every room. Not a minute of the day do the apartments cease to breathe upon your eyes you are welcome. But, enter as I do! when you enter as I do, this selfishness is brick and mortar! The attempt was a mean and narrow soul, I know! His cottages are only fifteen feet high. I wonder he did not go on to say with them that they were as high as felt himself to be above common men. What a good he must have found value! What vapor-son is in there inside! As you stand upon the threshold, the whole hall stares at you, and says in white plaster, "Well, what do you want here?"

All such fears are banished as you enter Dr. Wentworth's well-balanced mansion. A hall twelve feet wide opens its arms to welcome you. On its sides hang large mats. Toward the farther end rise a flight of stairs six feet wide. They say to you, plain as words can speak, "do not weary yourself." The short rise and broad tread suggest ease. And ease of sight you are being taken, the whole mood has changed their mind and considered to stop there. For, a landing some eight feet wide ran across the whole width of the hall. And the space was still further augmented by a large bow-window, circling out backward, which the Doctor had built and filled with colored glass. Only at the other end of this landing did the stairs resume their upward again. Perched between the two risers, a great broad seat was furnished for summer—the window on the one side, and the lower hall and upper hall on the other opening ample communication to the eye of all that was going on. In summer it was a favorite resort; and in winter the blaze of some light wood-fire, or the kind of sunrise cheer to the hall.

Under the rise of the lower hall a grand, old-fashioned, ebony-eased clock, standing on the floor, reached up to the ceiling. It was not only a time-keeper and chronometer, but of the kind that we refer Venture, and the grand variety of its duties, gave it the peculiarly venerable appearance of a counsellor, a sort of reserve and dignity, which well suited the easy reign of all the rest of the clothing. That clock and Agata Bissell never lost a minute of time, were never driven, and consulted wisely and only in their own business. It was difficult to decide which of the two was the most exact and regular. In any single day the clock might win; but during the year together, the grand mistress only was the best time-keeper. She had the whole of her life to attend to, and was not to rely upon her one being. That clock is an enchanted spirit, which the Doctor has the power to make responsible. Nothing less than such mighty agency could keep the hall in such perfect time.

Rooms—who must be moved forward in our days of progress, when summer will become winter, and where about the old clock all manner of things will be moved, but the Doctor's hall? Our outward nature was sensible, practical, healthful; her inward nature was deeply thoughtful, serious and mystical, but veiled and treated, and brought with the richest flow of imagination. None except her father knew this inward life; and he, to the last, himself, except in a single twilight way.

We are not just the one to make a hero of this old hall, black clock. To her life strokes, in the deep nights, when summer whispered to and walked her, were voices proclaiming messages of peace. To look upon its floor, to watch the rise and oscillation of pictured stars, and especially of the great planet Saturn, and then, the same men, always seemed scared because he couldn't see anything—was a proposal, though unspoken pleasure. But we linger. Speaking of the hall, we go into the Doctor's great resort—his library. The room ran through the depth of the house from front to rear. The other was about nine feet high. The centre was crossed by two immense beams, which divided the room was formed by the carved frame-beams of the house itself. On each side of the entrance, which stood midway on the west side, were two deep bay-windows; at the end, a large, old-time window coming down to the floor, and of the size of three ordinary windows. Besides the doors the library were filled with cases, and the whole range of English literature was found in them. The best authors in the modern languages, too, had their places, and especially in the Italian. Drawers stuffed with curious pamphlets; tower-ing folios; books of prints; and a considerable collection of costly engravings—all attested the Doctor's taste and the liberality with which Farmer Bissell was fit. Wentworth's. No long rows of books, standing in solid ranks, like soldiers, like soldiers on parade. Some books were out visiting; some, in a state of repose on a table; some were on accommodating neighbor; and some, tired of their confinement, had, no doubt, stood, gone to sleep, as if to give their readers much room for their own ease. Some were lying down, in splendidly bound, and flaunted their gilt edges, and their red, and green, and crimson, or modest russet. Other books were in full dress. Some shelves were packed and stuffed till they seemed bursting with their own fatness, and more than half of whose scholars had gone out to play.

Here was the true peace-society. Old quarrels had long been buried here. Heretic and orthodox stood in silent truce. The men that kept the world in a racket, in their time,—Luther and they of the Vatican, Milton and Salmasius, Arminius and the whole tyrant of host, Jerome and Rufinus, the ascetics, ecclesiastical scholastics, modern reformers—were pulled with each other and with the riding fame of modern scientific authorities. Books are the true mediumpriests—they are the symbol and presage of immortality. The dead men are scattered, and none shall find them. Behold, they are all here! they do but sleep. At your summons every one shall speak

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and instruct you in the best experiences of his life!

Turning from the hall, as you come in at the front door, to the right, you enter the large parlor; and, next to it, the sitting-room; and a door from each room opens into the conservatory, where there was summer all the year round.

The dining-room and kitchen were finished in the wing which ran back from the south-east corner of the house, and which was of such dimensions that, had it stood alone, it would have deserved a name of itself.

The old man-sion was built in a stately style, at a time when fashionables were well understood. Few modern dwellings are more picturesque, more winding in the eye, than the nooks of the old colonial mansions. They tell their story at once. The fashion changes, room, hearing, fly, and curtain taste. They are passing away; they have nothing to plead but their antiquity, since and history have their modern architects. Yet, the graceful art starts, while it has done, to secure those memorials of an early day, and develop them as precious parts of our New England history.

But we digress. We have mentioned the heart of home, the mother's room? The old homes had no such help or luxury as the nursery room? Here she was the throne—glowing fire, moaning in a fury globe, and by the first wind dashed out and gone.

Paint the man as the mother's thoughts do; then paint him as he really lived! Paint his two portraits side by side, and write, What he once so he is now. What he was? Life has no sadder contrast.

Shall I? It is audacious; and yet for your sake, reader, I would do much. Well, come, I will even venture. This is Agate Bissellville.

No one may go in here without leave. She and her mother are so much one, that no one else she would resent as a personal liberty. I know that politicians forbid, but your curiosity and my love of accurate description prevail, and, as mentioned, must give way to what is more convenient. No rocking chair, three common chairs,—no lounge! Under the cotton, for carpet, —a mahogany bureau, with an old-fashioned mirror above it, which had been the gift of once a hundred years, and had seen—ah! what had it not seen? But most honorable of all friends is the looking-glass, that will not speak one word beyond what is seen. Its best quality—that noted you with the very face that you bring to the looking! Isabella all your weaknesses without chiding, and never those advises you have no need to spend a sigh, no tone in which to forgetfulness, all the secrets which have figured in its face.

What if one had the power to recall from the looking-glass those faces that it took and let them? What if there should be a resurrection of that which has been—a looking-glass of little children's faces, serious students, budding girls beginning to suspect their power, and then women proud their success. Certain it is that those who take to grow old, wasted looks of those who have not withdrew in shrinks, look and anxious looks of those who have been sick, anxious looks of those who have been sick, sorrow of their embraces, pride and gay, jealous bonding of a gay whiskers and covering the their bahiness with the few scraggy locks, pale, sunken and wondering eyes of a maiden, and the Pallas, whose bones, homely face it just as dear to her as if it were a diamond.

Many would shrink to have their lookings-glass reveal their secrets. Certain it is that Agate Bissell would not be ashamed to have it tell all it saw; she sometimes is in its trust, faithful, pure-thinking, upright Agate! Pardon, dear reader, my enthusiasm in regard to more than two dead vitality for others! Who ever knew death in the day of trial? When did it thus betray a secret? When died then ever shrink from giving honor, glory, and power was bitter? Let men look upon their Agate, and henceforth honor those words, and obey. When all things are hereafter settled and the existence of various holders determined, and the notion that so many noble, self-denying virtues will be found locked up with perishing bodies in some of those vertical rolls called Old Nubby, as to say what that shall appear.

Open the upper drawer! Here we have five laces, one of the ornamente seldom worn, and then only as a special honor to some much-liked friend. So, indeed, is a fan, with a most fan-breaking feeling, to see how little the poor have to indulge their dear hearts! Some pencils, however, are laid up for their heroines' use, and a few sheets of paper, with a pen-knife which is broken. How finely-tuned! How orderly! Agate would not be ashamed that it is so little. She makes it enough by wise economy, and what she knows, some poor attesting confusion is a warning, for she is stently generous. All the fine linen of the house, is not that which is made up into common robes. Some of it may yet be found in those drawers.

Did you ever see a room that had so little in it, that looked comfortable? Find a room if you did't! Yet, it is not distressingly neat. It has not that coffin and shroud appearance of a best room rooms. It is generous and home-like. No one would take it for a first-class room, or a room whose its very walls, at length, to "amuse and promise expression."

CHAPTER XI.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

How happy are proud people! No. Rather how happy are people of pride! That does not fit it exactly.

How fortunate are people with a sovereign, self-esteem! I appeal to every one who ever felt the pinch, whether pride or self-esteem. Either of them covers or describes that peculiar healthy vitality in man by virtue of which our own being, of personal worth, of eminent selfness—not heavenly selfishness.

Why are the fortunate? In such persons there is apt to be a central comfort. They are always convinced right. They always speak right. Whatever they do is right. Whatever they own is the best. Whatever they say is right to their prescience in right. Right-conscious it the very opposite of their experience. Why should you reason with them? It is crook and useless —cruel to disturb such profound self-satisfaction in a world not too much given to happiness; and useless, because it is an instinct, not a conviction—an involuntary feeling, and not a deduction of reason.

But not all of this tribe of self-esteem are so happy. All are worse for them. If this poised force allies itself with conscience, the possessor may as well make up his mind to be in bondage all his life. Then the sense of ownership and self-appreciation sets chiefly in the sphere of duty.

Agate Bissell could not be said to have pride of character so much as Pride of Duty. She was everything in the light of duty, and she measured duty by the high recollection of an intense pride. Every one may see that she had ambition on her face, and in her life. Nothing was good that had not in it some relation to duty. Nothing was good that was beautiful, unless in some way allied to practical duty. Happiness from mere love—from mere home—from to the conditioned you'll it must be watched, as though to take the temper out of overflowing cups of duty.

Agate was no member of Dr. Wentworth's family that did not feel the pressure of honest duty as a linked hand has closed. It is the same home which her pockets full of trash, and with bright eyes laughing shook their heads, with a habit full of rings and worms. Five given to go into emancipation. It is her idol it will accept. If you sign her at one thing she just contemplates it as a question. Everything is a question. If you say to her, "Agate, you are a beautiful girl," she looks at you disgusted, and be a cross word, puzzled, fas—ter, "What do you mean by that?" And if you say, "I am married in good earnest, for it there is anything disgusted, and be a cross word, puzzled, fas—ter, "What do you mean by that?"

"What did she do?"

"Why, she looked at me with surprise,—then demurely picked up the toothsome creature and walked out with it. I thought to myself that she was afraid I had hurt the poor child, and so I told her that she need not be afraid of me, laughing as well as if it was the merriest creature in the world.

Quite unconscious of these remarks, the object of them, a beautiful child of three years old, was standing by the very edge of the shelf on which the looking-glass was placed, and was busy filling out with great activity, and coming in, swinging heavily over the shelf, and a very fine, a few whirled around fuss as if to warn her off. She was not in the least afraid, but was intending the news to their companions, their existence, and their interest, and they were evidently disposed to go so near as she pleased and to do as she pleased. Dr. Wentworth's face had turned it to creep over it unblushed. Sometimes the child would pause to look at the picture; she took no pains to help it out; she addressed no remark, all that could be seen. Sometimes the would gather flowers and bring them to the picture, and lay them on the frame or on the shelf. The looking-glass looked for a moment as if it were a garden, and the child was the fairy! He sure Rose cannot it thither. I think, however, that Rose Wentworth knew, from pleasant scenes, each kind of memories in the thoughts and feelings which it awakened in her mother, and was willing to make him think of. But, if anything troubles the child more than another, it is a picture, and then he seems to grow chilled.

"Rose, you must not trouble your mother with those things," said Agate.

The other child, beautiful surgical case he came come looking like a dead man. His face was white, and his eyes were closed, and he was as before he operated, and frightened when he left the room. He had not been in the room but a few he took the trash his hands was free and his very face showed that he was relieved. He could not get him fled back enough—he almost fell over the back of the chair—and as he had eaten enough, which I thought he never could do, and that he was not sick, I asked him where he could see the vertebrae and the nails of the fingers and toes. He said that he had been, and that he had seen them. I quite believed him, and told him that I would go with him to see them, and that I would see them myself, and he was in no hurry to get away. He was very fond of me, and I was very fond of him. He was very fond of me, and I was very fond of him. He was very fond of me, and I was very fond of him.

"Rose, you are too much given principally teach to

"Rose, you understands her father, and her face looked doting all over; but he seemed to see her for the child's sake, and he was very fond of children.

"Answer him, Rose," said I, 'answer your father.'

"And, do you believe it, she looked at him with her great, bl. eyes and said—

"'Papa, I am afraid you are beautiful God is!'

"The Doctor didn't ask her any more questions, but he looked

STAY, DARLING, WITH THE BEAUTY.

(A CHEYENNE SCENE.)

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

At least not now shall sorrow's cloud
Burn of the wrongful years around—
Earth's sorriest hours like wish heaven
And dharma is with the sunlight crowned!

I will that demon Past depart,
While wandering in these serene divine,
The thought of it her crowded way
And my responsive hand in mine.

Basking with thy great beauty ray
And the realms of rose and tint,
Then shalt be of this Paradise
With such consoling music stirred!

O, where I look into the eyes
So soft, so beautifully blue,
And when I hear thy thoughts voice
In every tone so sweetly true—

Those eyes that are Aphrodite's own,
That voice a prophesy that yet
Even the throne of it shall rise
And rainbows on its grave to set—

Yes, when such perfect flowers grow,
With music mingled, here from thee,
Angelhood's supreme Faith would stand
The coward heart in blasphemy.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a dull, rainy day, towards the end of August—one of those days when earth and sky alike are gray and cheerless, and the rain-drops pattering against the window sound like human sobs. The clock that hung over the mantel pointed to the hour of three in the afternoon, and I was sitting by myself in the private office, looking out in the expanse of dark slate wall that formed my only prospect from the window, and thinking, too, blindingly, I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers; I had made out all the necessary papers and drug stores, and now with, literally, "nothing to do," I was moodily about Kitty Darling, and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

Dear little Kitty! she was as sweet and pretty as she is the nature of women go, but I knew it was a hard life for her in that overcrowded artist's workroom, day after day and month after month, and I longed to set her free from the monotonous captivity. She was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of twenty, with a dimple in her cheek and the sentimental touch on her cheeks that ever inspired the pen of poet. I was no poet, yet I had considerable romantic ardor, and all her womanly grace and delicate beauty of face and heart's thoughts could shape themselves into verse. And it was of them I was thinking when the door opened, and Mr. Clemmer came in.

Mr. Clemmer was our "chief"—a dark, elderly little man, with keen, stern mouth and cloudy gray eyes, which he ignored expression except when they were turned full upon you, and yet which seemed to see everything at one comprehensive glance. He and I were friends.

"Meredith," he said, in his quiet, emphatic tone, "I want you to go to Nice, to-night. Are you were getting tired of doing nothing? Eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I have something for you to do."

"What is it, sir?"

"Something that will bring you both credit and profit, if you manage it skillfully. I had intended going myself, but circumstances have arisen which will prevent me. You understand?"

Reading his head towards me and speaking scarcely above a whisper, he told me the whole business on which I was to be sent. There had been, for some weeks, a very heavy forgery case lately committed, with a boldness and subtlety that fairly served to set the authorities at defiance. For some time he had been in doubt as to the non-appearance of the criminal, but after much quiet investigation and casting hither and thither, he had detected the hidden spring,—the Perley Matteson—who had skillfully eluded the detectives and was now supposed to be in the north-eastern portion of the state. His description was given as accurately as could be possible, and it was for me now to go quietly up and apprehend him, before he should become aware of our knowledge of all his movements.

I sat musing over the various details of our plan as they were sketched out by Mr. Clemmer. The reward we had been particularly offered was high—my heart leaped as I reflected how much nearer it would bring me to Kitty Rhea,—for did the enterprise seem particularly difficult of accomplishment.

Do you think you can do it? Mr. Clemmer asked, after everything had been laid before me.

"Yes, sir. When shall I start?"

"Now—within half an hour?"

"Within half an hour?"

"Yes! why not?"

I could find no sufficient reason except one, which I did not care to communicate to my superior, so I replied with no air Kitty once more before I started.

"Just as you please, Mr. Clemmer, of course," I said, rising. "If I take the four o'clock express, I shall be by daylight to-morrow morning."

"Yes, and that is all-together the best plan. He will not remain long in any one place just at present, I think, and what you have to do must be done at once."

I left the office long night journey, I mused upon the case until he bother me. The house to which I was going was in the midst of woods, about half a mile beyond the village of Brownville—the property of Mrs. Matteson, a widow of considerable wealth and forger. If help was needed I was fully authorized to call for it upon the constituted authorities of Brownville; but I expected to need none.

The night was quiet during the eastern sky when I alighted, and, shortly afterward from the train, as the suggestions of Brownville.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. Matteson's place?" I asked of the sleepy station-master, who was yawning behind the little aperture of the ticket office.

"Matteson—Mrs. Matteson? I don't know her, but I guess they'll can tell you where she lives. Just you follow the main street of the village out, and a little a mile, and you'll come to a patch o' woods, with a big house in the middle—that's Matteson's. Mile-and-a-half further on, and you'll see a little paler house, just the last place in the village, and you'll come to one a house. That's where Mrs. Matteson lives."

I thanked the communicative, and set out on a brisk walk, carrying my travelling-bag. It was quite a delightful walk, enjoyed from the shade of the "main street" with its neat and secluded country road, to the dark "patch o' woods" with the bare, and "little paler house"—a commodious old cottage, literally overgrown with honeysuckles. I paused to reconnoiter, and as I was about to ring the door, a clock somewhere inside struck seven.

A decent-looking, elderly woman in widow's weeds came to the door.

"Is Mr. Matteson in? Mr. Perley P——"

"No," she answered quickly, with, as I imagined, rather a confused look. "I did not believe her and asked, quietly:

"When do you expect him home?"

"Not at present."

Apparently she expected I would go away, but, instead, I stepped in.

"Mother," called a soft voice at the head of the stairs, "who is it?"

And then for the first time I became aware that some one had been watching our colloquy from the top of the stairs, a young girl appeared like the mother in deep black, with very brilliant eyes, and a profusion of jet-black ringlets.

"Some one to see your brother."

She came down the stairs, lightly, rustling back her curls with one hand, and looking at me with wondering attention. From that moment struck me as I stood gazing at her.

"Perley is not at home," she said, hurriedly. "He has gone away. We do not know when he will return."

Evidently this mother and daughter were in the secret of his movements there quietly for a day or two, so one what a little walking might do to them.

"But some one must have been Matteson came in, as I sat by the steam window, having a hasty supper at the village hotel, and I thought I recognized a little fellow who had been in the office, looking at the expanse of dark slate wall that formed my only prospect from the window, and thinking, too, blindingly. I had read every square inch of type in the newspapers; I had made out all the necessary papers and drug stores, and now with, literally, "nothing to do," I was moodily about Kitty Darling, and wondering how long it would be before I should be able to marry her.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Lectures, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. IV.

HINTS FOR HISTORICAL READING.

BY REV. A. D. GOODWIN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Our relations in time and space assert their primary importance and universal practical interest. They enter as an element or condition into almost all the objects of human thought. They are the formal conditions of our finite existence. Hence, the foundation of the abstract sciences, geometry and arithmetic, and in man without his observation they stretch out into immensity. In measuring to the summit of the pyramidsin men, the mind advances by a process of abstraction and selection—neglecting his details and holding fast only the leading facts and principles. The mind does not and cannot proceed along with it all the minutiæ of every part. And the greater the distance to which it extends its views, the wider asunder are the points that selected, viz., the terminal of the diverging rays.

If we turn back upon the process and select some portion for special study, that which is nearest is not only the most convenient, but the most interesting and the most important. Our first selection, therefore, for more minute examination is the wide range of our relations in time and space will naturally be Geography and History.

But even in this restricted sphere we must still further limit our attention. We cannot acquire a minute acquaintance with every spot on the surface of the globe. We must give our chief attention to that which more nearly concerns ourselves and our own interests, our own country and its relations. We must select. In reading history similar principles must be observed. To know all the details of the universal history of man, in the one mind, is beyond the power of any.

The lower animals, whatever powers of mind they may be supposed to possess, have no history, have little variation in the habits of their species from generation to generation. So with inferior races of men. Their growth is very slow. But man, immortal man, has a faculty of reason "which takes power as well as knowledge, forces and principles, and rises to the universal." Hence the progress of man is ever onward, and his history is the great drama of humanity, written by the finger of God, in which actions are but feeble and fragmentary illustrations. Yet the peculiar value of history does not lie, as is commonly supposed, in this, that it is a story of real facts. Mere facts may be as valueless as fictions. There must be a selection of facts and some guiding principle and with a view to some important end. Wars and battles, revolutions and court intrigues, civil and imperial fortunes and changing dynasties, are but the principal thing in history only in the rules it above the interest and value of truths, which are of a far higher nature and more lasting influence. Such are the principles, laws and progress in social and moral phenomena and energies, in most scarce the heart of history.

Why should not these themes be as attractive and the like? They might be, and no doubt they would be, if the education of the young were taught aright.

The reading of history should be begun early. It is the natural and proper study of youth. If it has been neglected, the sooner the defect is repaired the better. No young man should indulge in the reading of fiction, until he has learned to relish the reading of history.

The problems which constitute the leading subjects and highest interest of a manly study of history, and with reference to which our selection of historical reading should be made are three: (1.) Our own origin, how we came to be here, and to be what we are. (2.) The progress of mankind as a race to their present state of development and culture; and (3.) The advancement of man towards the accomplishment of his highest, his spiritual destination.

The study of history is both analogous and complementary to that of geography. Analogous to history what an outline map, adjusted to latitude and longitude, is to geography. A compend of Universal History is instead of a Map of the World. Special historical studies, of smaller and smaller territories, may be carried to any degree of detailed acquaintance which may be desired.

After taking a general survey of history, in preferring to select a specific course for more particular and thorough investigation, we are guided, as in geography, by considering what has a three intimate connection with our own country and with ourselves;—and this is in accordance with the first problem proposed. The stream of history may be traced from ourselves up to our origin, or, which is the more natural order, from our origin down to ourselves. The stream may be compared to the Amazon with its multitudinous branches;—only its course must be regarded as reversed. We are at the mouth of some one of these mighty subdivisions; and the business is, through successive branch, branch, and trunk, to trace it back to the source; or rather, conversely, to begin at the source which represents the historical origin, and trace our way back through the particular river, through the main stream, to the little spring from which we set out before. And by this process a nameless wo must continually start as we pass on, neglecting all other branches and divisions except that which connects our course with the starting-point.

In thus tracing the progress of history from the origin of man to ourselves, the following course of study, or rather of reading, may be recommended: Where sketches books are suggested, the latter are for a shorter course, and the former for a more thorough investigation.

1. Some Compend of General History; as Worthy Outlines.

2. A review of the Biblical Histories, with the principles and purpose of each.

3. Rollin's Ancient History; or Schmitz.

4. Grecian History; Grote's, or Thirlwall's, or Pelton and Smith's.

5. Roman History; Goldsmith's Rome, for the popular story; Arnold's Rome, for the critical student; Merivale, Ihne, Liddell and Scott, and Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

6. Medieval History; Guizot's Middle Ages, Ozanam's European Civilization, and Russell's Modern Europe.

7. English History; Hume, with some continuation, and Lingard.

8. American History; Sabercher's Outlines, and Bancroft's History of the United States.

And, if you please, some history of France, of Spain, and of other nations of Europe; and you will have a course extending from two to four years, according to your more or less favorable, but ever, after all, a small portion of the vast and boundless domain of novels which some young persons find time to read.

Of the above authorities on these of the Sacred Scriptures, of China or India, of Egypt, Assyria, Germany; Robertson's Charles V.; Alison's History; Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, and Philip II., his Conquest of Mexico, Peru, &c., may be added as works known for general interest, or their literary merit, may dictate.

The course of history should always be read with constant reference to maps and chronology, which have been not hastily formed, to the eye. Special historical stage are of very great service.

In tracing the course of history down in outline, we have, by necessity, been led to the task of drawing a genealogical tree. It is not the ordinary one, which begins with Adam and Eve, and comes on. We see what we are, not by the mere relations of time and space, but by reference to a system of influences which has been gathering its forces through all the ages, and which now, in every directions during the progress of present years.

Christianity, Judaism, with its Archaic origins, Greek and Roman civilization, and Islam, are the more to do with making us what we are than our nearest ancestors. Science, in which it stands for views, the wider asunder are the points that selected, viz., the terminal of the diverging rays.

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The connection between Sacred and Profane History, and that between Ancient and Modern History, are important and most important. One interesting, yet much neglected portion of history is Ecclesiastical History. Eusebius, Gibbon, Hallam and Guizot deserve especial attention. The best specimen which I know of such a history, constructed as a history should be, is that of Dean Milman's Latin Christianity. In the great Greek defect Greek is to be consulted.

Of Ancient Christianity, both greater particularity and wider extent of view are indispensable. Neander and Dean Waddington were desirable for reading up a knowledge of ecclesiastical principles and facts, and also some Annual Review of the World.

Where we were in general to arrange a course of historical reading, with reference to the principles and purposes of historical study, it would be found to pass through nearly the same successive of those already mentioned, beginning with the first problem. The progress of man as a race historically and spiritually. Preparation for the most part with the history of our own country, and other nations, as they have more favored position among mankind.

The third problem, viz., man's advancement towards the accomplishment of his highest, his spiritual destiny, presents itself to the mind philosophical and the most interesting point of view. Here the Sacred Scriptures assume, in this point of view, history assumes its peculiar and unapproachable dignity. The fall of man, divine ogle of man's fall and recovery. God manifest in the flesh, the Christ crucified, the Kingdom of Christ on earth is the development. The triumph of sin and of holiness.

FISHING FOR OFFERS.

A good deal of this sort of angling is done in fashionable watering places. It is rarely characterized as a heartless, unladylike sport, and many young ladies, and some old ones, are of opinion they have rejected, receiving "offers" enough to constitute a quiver full of "good catches" when counting the results of the season. The following sketch indicates the taking of a single "offer," but the process is the same when a dozen are taken. Copied from Capid's cross-bow, and by no pious mistake for by the object of our worship, it is impossible to pity her. The sex could not, even though they would, be victims of her vanity and coercive are most lighthearted enough. It is only the fish that are feeling woman to lure a man into a declaration of love, and the fish deserves it. Such is the command, which she can practice unseen by the general eye, and a subject and fish, perhaps quite plausibly, that she has "given him no encouragement." It is a fact that coquetry in its sensitive rant to be treated in this way; and no one can question its ever getting off with the honorable piece of strategy. The rejected have, therefore, the consolation, to be governed by ought to know, that their fair beguilers do not ever get married any more than those who have a wife. This reflection should be a sufficient balm for the wounded heart.

More than a century ago, an anonymous author said, "Coquetry is probably one engaged in making an offer by some soulless coquette, professional or amateur, is determined to be governed by fixed laws, to be recognized and subscribed to by both parties. Among the rules of the game is wished to have determined as a basis for a fair and legitimate contest.

First—That enough the contracters the progress of the game before it arrives at the point of sailing.

Second—That can be properly termed an absolute denial from a maid, and what from a widow.

Third—What advances a lover may properly make after having received a put upon the shoulder from his mistress's fan.

Fourth—What constitution a man may put upon a smile, and in what cases a frown goes for nothing."

These guidelines are as pertinent perhaps the ladies will say as ever, and the laws they were established by are the same, and there are many more, equally to the purpose, which will suggest themselves to the reader in this connection. For the benefit and guidance of susceptible gentlemen who are fished for with no other object than to be cast contemptuously aside as soon as caught, the Ledger would like to see them answered by competent authority.

By all means let us have a set of rules, whereby a man may know when it is safe for him to open his mouth, without danger of being ridiculed or condemned to utter obscurity, by the object of his caress. Say one has a congress of maidenwives and widows, to legislate on this delicate subject. Will the understanding that their decisions shall be binding?

THE GHOST IN ARMOR.

A LEGEND OF ST. MICHAEL'S EVE

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

PART I.

Sir Walter De Guyse is early and eat,
There's trouble a-brewing, I think;
The steward is certain Sir Walter is mad,
And the Butler declares, "He is took very bad."
The morning he doubled his drink!

And why is he reading and reeling, I pray?
And what the meaning of such names?
He stands by the Greek in the standard way:
And there has mounted the Grange today,
And laughed at the nine-way James!

And there, on the table, a letter is read,
From one of his vigilant spies,
That Alice De Guyse is dwelling and plied,
With young De Bagnet, last evening, was spied—
"I'm my guess at the knight's surprise."

Beneath the casement the maiden was seen,
With the gallant at her side,
Holding her hand in a tender way,
And calling her—"Love" and "Dear" and "queen,"
With kisses many and sweet!

De Bayner!—a captain of William's band
Of warriors who fought with the Norman!
Of an ancient house in the Dutchman's land,
He was true to the Prince Rupert!
To one of the race, De Guyse!

Sir Walter was in a terrible degree,
And an anti-Jacobite war-man!
He'd fight for the King and die for his fee,
To match his ch with the mighty De
In the Royal Army of Germany!

"The nasty varlet!" Sir Walter said;
"He's asked in man's license or permit,
Before my castle to show his head!
I'll teach the knave to be a true knight
To serve his villainous king!"

In vain to the master the Butler spoke,
Already the flame Sir Walter
Has set in a blaze, and he's mad!
He is fain to fly but all too late!
He's caught in the toils of the net!
There's a dismal cell—a dungeon in vault,
Hard by the banqueting-room,
Where the rats in a hideous revelry hold
Sir Walter De Guyse in rather close
To be summons his friends—the small and the great
To come and assist at an elegant feast,
And help him to make merry!

PART II.

They are calling and calling with glee,
The guests at the noble hostel;
Lords, knights of every degree,
All merry as merry can be,
With ruby relishes at least.

In the midst of the revelry rose
A voice—"Where is Sir Walter?
"You all are weary, I suppose,
"Sir Walter's absence is sad shame
Some symptoms of falsifying away
Of his constitution!"

By chance in the oyster's reach,
The guests in the hall were made
And swearing the tipple was good—
Sir Walter went on with his speech,
"Twas this very night as, you know,
As sturdy old chronicles show,
That Guy of Warwick
Committed a horrible crime,

"A black-armored knight, it is said,
Was seen in the castle's dungeon room,
Was murdered (twas thought for his gold)—
Was found in a corner by the hole
The Dutchman according its doom.

"The ghost of the knight
The mission of Justice is blind,
The cruel murderer, too, must find
But he never could settle the doubt
Which was the assassin and which
"Bullie, you have kissed before—
Which was the murdered knight!
His ghost is the avarer he were,
Which suggestion did not, it's good,
On every St. Michael his Eve—
The cloak you are wearing already said,
"Perhaps we may see him to-night—
Let us be ready to receive him!"
Ah! soon be the ghost of the dead!"
The Ghost in the cloak—"Ha, ha, ha!"
And marches across the floor!

Aghast at the terrible sight,
The guests in the hall
Shrunk with terror and fright,
Sir Walter alone was unmoved;
Quite into the following day!
Now might you hear Sir Bernard shout,
And Alice (who's vanished from sight!)
Sir Walter, and Sir Walter!
The lovers had ridden away
On a swift steed that night.

His manner of hearing, of course,
Was quite in accordance with his source!
He owned he was full of remorse
For having the grand old man
But both should be quickly restored.

And with her grandfather's blessing
That is, should he kindly incline her,
Sir Walter would wed Alice!
To make him a visit in Lent,
Along with his son-in-law Harker!

—In this number of the *Ledger*, we publish the fourth of the series of articles entitled Answers to Questions. The questions are addressed to the principal Colleges in the United States. It will be remembered that the first article was written by the President of the Wesleyan University, Rev. Dr. Harvard on "The Necessity of the Classics." The second article was written by Rev. Dr. Anderson, on "Hints to a Youth about to enter College," he being President of Rochester University. The third article this week, it will be seen, is on "Hints upon Historical Reading," by Rev. Dr. Goodwin, the University of Pennsylvania. In next week's issue will appear the fifth article, on "Mind and Matter," by Rev. Dr. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College. The sixth article will be on "Religious Studies, or Authority and Liberty as an Element of Greatness and Success."

—As the Ledger is electro-typed, we are always prepared to print and furnish such numbers. Persons who desire to obtain complete sets of the papers can, by calling Mr. Bonner's store, as far as published, can be supplied by applying at the office, or at any news, office or book store where papers are sold. If a dealer does not happen to have them on hand, he will procure them for any one, on our being applied for.

JOHN A. SUTTER,

AND

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES PARTON.

People often say what they would do if they should find a gold mine; evidently supposing that a man who finds a gold mine is made rich at once. But this, it appears, is not always the case. Neither the man who discovered gold in California, nor the man upon whose land it was discovered, have been benefitted by it. On the contrary, the discovery ruined them both. Let us look at them.

John A. Sutter, the son of Swiss parents, was born in 1803, at Baden, where he was educated for the military service. In early life, he obtained a commission in the French Army, but soon left it for the trade of captain, and resigned in the service until he was thirty years old. A number of his Swiss friends and relations, in 1833, formed a company with a view to emigration to some part of the United States. Sutter sold his wine growing; and they selected Captain Sutter to go to America and choose a location for the colony. He arrived in New York, upon this errand, in July, 1834.

Proceeding to the State of Missouri, he chose a place for the colony in a region unpeopled, as yet, beyond it. He had been explored, and he was making preparations for the coming of his friends, when a sudden change defeated the project. Captain Sutter brought with him a considerable capital, with which he was to begin a settlement, erect buildings, and get a piece of land under cultivation. Instead of proceeding to a land loaded with implements and stores, timber and other materials for the projected establishment, was sunk in the Mississippi river, and arrived a total loss. This misfortune obliged him to postpone the scheme of colonization, and bring up an adventurer turn of mind, he made a tour in New Mexico. There he met some hunters and trappers who had visited California, and they gave him such a captivating description of that beautiful and romantic country, that he determined to go thither himself.

In March, 1838, with a party of the American Fur Company, and travelled with them to the Rocky Mountains; and there, with his mounted men, he crossed the range, and made his way to the valley of the Sacramento. In there was no mode of getting down the coast to California, he took passage in a vessel bound for the Sandwich Islands. It required, he tells us, five months, during which he was tossed about and safely for San Francisco. In the following year he returned to the Sandwich Islands, in which visit he found a vessel ready to sail for California, and he sailed for it. He then obtained a situation as supercargo, in which capacity he made several voyages, and finally became master of a vessel. He was still recently Russian America, and which, it appears, was then under the control of the Russian American Company. From Sitka the vessel proceeded along the coast, and was driven into the port of San Francisco in distress.

Captain Sutter entertained his intention to remain in the country to the Mexican Governor, from whose he obtained a grant of land. Many adventurers and tantalizing delays, he succeeded in getting to the land, which, two months river, near the site of the present city of Sacramento, and there began to build the fortress, afterwards so famous as Sutter's Fort. He was then thirty-two years old, and had been six years in America five years. His colony consisted of six Europeans, adventurers from various parts of the world, and eight Indians. In the following year eight more Europeans applied to and joined him, so that the population of the district consisted of fourteen white men, eight Kanaka Indians, and some hundreds of roving savages. Every month, however, added to the list of settlers.

The colony prospered. Besides cultivating the soil, Captain Sutter and his comrades sent hides to the Sandwich Islands, traded with the United States, and the port became a depot of furs purchased from the wandering Indians and hunters. The land granted to Captain Sutter consisted of eleven square leagues, and he soon numbered his settlement New Helvetia.

Many a worn and starving band of emigrants from the United States were relieved and refreshed instead at Captain Sutter's fort, and found the hospitality with a terrible story of the sufferings of the journey, and the perils of the plains. A party of men came in one morning and reported that a company of emigrants, distant in the desert mountains were on the starving. Captain Sutter immediately sent the best mules with provisions, headed a few of them to the relief of the party, and dispatched under the guidance of two Indians. The starving emigrants were found, and the supplies were insufficient. After consulting the providence, they killed the animals and ate them, they killed the two Indians and devoured them, and were thus able to reach the fort. Of their own number fell exhausted, they ate them. This is almost too much for the reader's belief, but upon the authority of Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, President of the Society of California 1846-7, and the story from Captain Sutter himself, and he was then recently published a history of the discovery of gold in California, from which most of these facts are derived.

The war with Mexico ended in our acquisition of California. At early as March, 1847, the flag of the United States floated over San Francisco, and troops of the United States were stationed in the country.

In 1848, Captain Sutter was the owner of eleven leagues of land, upon which he had erected various buildings, constructed a fort, a four-mill supplied by a mill-race three miles long, which had cost twenty thousand dollars. He had expended ten thousand dollars in the erection of a saw-mill, and employed a score of his land were verdant with young thousand horses and mules, two thousand sheep, and a large number of cattle. Besides possessing all this property, he was the undisputed lord of the district, the Commodore Stockton, and Indian agent of General Mexico. He was married to a lady of high respect and was held in high respect both by the Californians and by the officers of the troops stationed in the Territory. This was his position on the big gold mine was discovered on his land.

One of the men in his employment was James W. Marshall, a native of New Jersey, who, after long wanderings in the Far West, came to California under Colonel Fremont, in the California battalion. He was a man of fifty years, and he was honorably discharged. As he was an industrious mechanic, he obtained employment from Captain Sutter. It was he who superintended the building of the saw-mill and the mill-race. In the evening of February 2, 1848, James Marshall returned to the fort from his day's work, fainting, and both horse and rider spattered all over with mud. He was in a state of extreme excitement. Having Captain Sutter, he said he must be conducted to a room where they could converse alone. The astonished Sutter complied with his wish, and they entered a secluded apartment. Marshall closed the door, and asked Captain Sutter if he was certain all were safe from intrusion, and begged him to lock the door. The honest Sutter began to fear the man was mad, and was a little alarmed at the idea of being locked in with a person who resisted Marshall that they were safe from interruption, fumbled, at length, upon his pocket, he took from his pocket a pouch, from which he poured upon the table half a dozen little of yellow grains of metal, with the exclamation that he thought they were gold.

"Where did you get it?" asked Captain Sutter.

Marshall replied, that, early that morning, the water being shut off from the millrace, as usual, he noticed, by glancing along, shining particles scattered about on the bottom. He picked up several, and, finding them to be metal, he thought had burst upon his mind that they might be gold. Having collected about an ounce of them, he had mounted his horse and ridden fiery speed to the fort. Captain Sutter took up the snipper, and bring the yellow substance to some scientific test.

Captain Sutter was at first disposed to laugh at his excited friend. Among his stores, however, he happened to have a bottle of aqua-fortis, and the action of this powerful acid upon the yellow particles at once proved them to be genuine gold.

The excitement of this moment can be imagined. Marshall implored Sutter to keep the discovery secret, but the latter was not the man to do anything of the kind. He was then raising wheat for the Russian Fur Company, and Captain Sutter preferred to wait till daylight, Marshall, however, could not be restrained. He set out immediately on his return. As the dawn of day appeared, Sutter, with whom he was within miles of the saw-mill, he saw before him, coming out of some bushes, a dark object which he took to be a grizzly bear, but which proved to be James Marshall.

"What are you doing here?" asked Sutter.

Marshall replied that he had been to the saw-mill, but was so impatient to see the captain, that he had waited there all night for his coming. They went on together to the mill, and found that the inherent property of gold was perfectly from the bottom of the race. Captain Sutter did not think it necessary to tell Marshall that gold, in considerable quantities, existed in the neighborhood, but he did tell the former was coming on, and some of his improvements were accelerated, he found but his workmen would turn him in the lurch, and all go to gold-digging. Captain Sutter was not the man to be imposed upon by such a trick, and he was determined to keep the matter secret. He was not successful. The news spread like wildfire, and was gathered. But such a secret cannot be kept. Within a few months the gold fever had fairly broken out in the valley of the Sacramento.

Captain Sutter followed it well known. All California hurried to the spot. Sutter's harvest was left ungathered. His cattle, and sheep were stolen by hungry men and devoured. No one would work for him, and all the men in his hands were spanned upon and dug over, and in the course of the remainder of the year multiplication to twenty-fold. To carry on the legal warfare with the squatters who overran his property the parts of his estate not seized by the gold diggers. In 1852, he was left a beggar. His property melted away, and he is now, at the age of sixty-four, and last months. For the land he has paid, during the last ten years, in costs of law, more than twenty times the value of the property.

Marshall, the discoverer, never seems to be a great grand-son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence,) he was one of the most wretched figures. He was reduced to extreme poverty. He had been appointed a magistrate, obtained a warrant for a tract of land in California, and sold it to the Mormons who established him, and upon which he began the construction of a saw-mill. He seems to have had some success, and his prospects were bright, but he was unable to keep the Mormons from encroaching upon his property, and was finally obliged to leave it. He returned himself by discovering a gold mine.

It is almost help thinking that either California, or the United States government, or somebody should make some compensation to the worthy man who found the gold. Unfortunately, he was not any fault of his own, by an event which was so materially benefitted others.

OUR BOOKS.

We have feather-bed knights and pipkin knights, and wooden knights, who make their way in their delicate digits in Paris in order to have the privilege of being shot at in a duel; and we have, who, if they ever see anything as vulgar as gunpowder, run away from it. Among all the Some of our palatines of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, we have never yet found one who, in their mouths, others have had it thrust between their teeth and swallowed it. In all such cases, the latter are often the most intolerable; and we have no doubt that the Bernard Shaws, the gentlemanly instincts protect all true gentlemen.

But, after all, that is the way of the world, more than enough in every walk of life in this country, and especially in literature. Pretension and genius. We meet scores of them in Broadway and Fifth-avenue, and we meet them in every bearer on the outer edge, of civilization. Many of them, indeed, are to be met with even in the dining and small talk. They don't wear "soiled shirts," but they wear shirts of "fine linen," they constellate their shirt-fronts with diamonds, nor do they neglect the appointments of the table by wearing huge gold chains; but on their fronts they have not the stamp of the true gentleman, the bearing distinguishes them to society from the true gentleman, and the literature of the day exposes to whom only their fellow-fools and fops accord the name.

From the New London Daily Star.]

Mr. Sanford Conover, late Assistant Assistant of Henry Ward Beecher's story appears in the *Ledger* for June 8th. The moral of the story is a good one, and there is more than ordinary. As the story progresses we are led to think that the hero is a counterfeit, a genuine of Mr. Beecher's, but the author has not left the reader to be acknowledged one of the most successful writers of the day, and he is also known as an American author. There are many beautiful passages from certain parts of the story, but the whole can be more beautiful than the concerning the truth-loving Mr. Beecher.

The story, thus far, abounds in magnificent word-painting, and is not to be read for information or for fine imagery, but for its able delineation of New England character and life. It remains to be seen what if assumes to be—a tale of New-England life, or a romance of reminiscence. Mr. Beecher's style is so small rather than large, and his characters so well drawn, that we are only in the imagination of the reader that they are not real. Mr. Beecher's knowledge of our exchanges have advised Mr. Beecher to write a story, and the millions who read him will surely rejoice that such advice is disregarded. And the moral may prove the most effective that Henry Ward Beecher ever preached.

[From the Connecticut Advertiser.]

Mr. Beecher's story improves as it advances. He is beginning to "mix his work with his brains," in the old painter's story phrases it. Here is a picture that might have been painted by the pen of Irving. * * * We are glad of the opportunity of welcoming some of Mr. Beecher's best and most characteristic thoughts in the midst of quiet and more close seclusion, although eloquent sermons to make further extract.

THE BRIDGE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Spanning the river from side to side,
Where the blackened waters murmuring glide
Between the overhanging banks and trees,
In the very heart of the busy town,
Is the old stone bridge, with its solid piers,
And its buttresses that have stood for years.

Under its arches the cool waves flow;
And over the bridge people go and come;
The waves they murmur a ceaseless song;
And the people talk as they pass along
Of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears,
And the years gone by and the future years.

Sometimes I stand on the bridge to day,
When the golden sunlight southward slid
And sometimes at night when the stars look down
On the quiet and roofs of the silent town,
And the lights on the old bridge gleam and glow
In the blackened waves of the stream below;

By day my thoughts take the golden hue
Of the sun that shines in the day's deep blue;
And backward borne, as on some swift tide,
To the scenes of my childhood I wander wide,
Like ships that sail to a distant shore
That their wave-worn keels have touched before.

Then the waves on the ocean grow gray;
Under the arches the cool waves flow;
While the sharpened whistler grim sang,
And the boatman's voices, raised to song,
Like echoes out of the past years,
That call to me in a kind of dream.

But at night when the lights on the old bridge glow
In the blackened waves of the stream below;
And over the roofs of the town
The glittering stars from the sky look down,
Then my thoughts are all of the days to be,
And my heart beats warm in deep and wide,
The voice of the waves I can hear afar
As their beauties spell on the farther bar;
And I think of the souls that have sunk to sleep
In the universe-darkness still and deep;
Of the ships that sail on an infinite breast;
And the waves that waken in out of rest.

And my thoughts come back to the bridge by day,
When the people's sunshine play
To the passing vessels that over it go,
Rolling currents of life below,
To farther ocean, vaster tide
Than that which mingles on the harbor bar.

WINNING HER LOVE.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "RETRIBUTION," "DISCARDED," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE END OF PERSECUTION.

"Pain that the heart, to peace and joyous bliss,
Must oft be wrung, upon the rack of this
Tormenting world, 'tis mercy to forego:
Cruelty only to be inflicted by the slave
Who broods on woe to anguish."—SHELLEY.

Under the influence of the soothing and healthful air of his deposition, which always livened General Lyon to bring his friends and relations about him, there were other and even stronger motives than that of the good General Hammond to remain at Old Lyon Hall. The old gentleman watched so sure "the unlucky day from his friends," and also he wanted to study him.

And as soon as he could do so with propriety, on Monday in the seclusion of the country house passed away, he did study him. And apparently the study was satisfactory.

All poor Jack's wounds were slenderer good. Indeed, it was through the very goodness of his nature that he so often came to grief.

Dick could not bear to say No; and not only ever to his friends, but even to his enemies, or his relations. Dick could not endure to inflict pain, and only ever upon good people too, and to his injury.

There was indeed so much of the woman in Dick's gentle and kind nature, that very few women could have loved him as Anna did. But then there was enough of the man in Anna's manly nature to keep the equilibrium of the scale in their affection.

General Lyon noticed all this, and he noticed something else—namely, although Dick and Anna certainly loved each other devotedly, they bore their emotions with extraordinary patience.

This touched the heart of the veteran, but still he would not shorten the time.

Moreover, he felt the infirmities of age creeping upon him, he knew that his hours with was extremely precarious, and he certainly wanted to see another generation of Lyons in lineal descent from himself before he should go home and be no more seen.

Yet for all this he would not hasten the marriage of Dick and Anna.

Drusilla, with her quick perceptions and warm sympathies, was the heart of all around, and wished to make them happy.

Like an artful old angel as she was, she chose her opportunity well.

It was a day in the latter part of April, and General Lyon and herself were sitting alone together in the front parlor, which was opened upon a conservatory in full bloom.

Dick and Anna were gone on a visit of inspection of the works at Hammond House.

The General looked at the flowers for some time. Drusilla was sewing beside them.

"Ah, my dear, how do not these flowers and his little fellow adds to my happiness!" he said.

"I am sure you are glad and grateful to see your son clear under, and I hope little Leonard as he grows up will appreciate with more and more of a comfort to you," she replied; and then, after a little pause, she added:

"But if little Leonard, who is only my son, gives you so much comfort, how much joy Anna's children will give you."

"Yes, yes, my dear! and, besides, I hope and live to see them."

"Dear uncle, you will live many years yet."

"I cannot hope to do that, my dear; I am past seventy. It is that fever and fits of the three-score and ten years allotted as the natural term of a man's life."

"But, dear uncle, I think all nature teaches us that it exercises a wise control over a man's life."

"A pleasant theory, my child. I wish it were a true one."

"But I think it is a true one."

"Why do you think so?"

"From analogy. All natural philosophers and historians who have made the matter and habits of the animal and vegetable world, have reported upon the fact: that all healthy animals, unless their lives are destroyed by violence, live five times as long as it takes them to growth. Now it takes the horse about twenty years at least to grow to maturity; therefore the human animal really should live five times twenty years, which makes a round hundred, or a century; and I really believe it was intended for him to live that long, if he only acted in accordance with this law of his well being. And, dear uncle, you seem always to have acted so, and therefore I think that you may safely calculate upon living out your century and then dying the gentle death of mere old age."

"There is a certain reasonableness in your theory, my little philosopher."

"And there is a roundness and completeness in the full century of life which is so satisfactory," said Drusilla, heartily.

"Yes, my dear, especially to those who love this planet Earth, with all her failings, as I confess I do," smiled the old gentleman. "And besides, I would like to live to see Anna and Dick happily married, with a thriving family of boys and girls about their knees."

"Dear, dear uncle, why not let them marry at once?" pleaded Drusilla.

"Marry at once!" Drusilla, you astound me, child!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in unfeigned astonishment.

"You, marry at once, dear uncle, and then, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will still have only the happiness to witness their happiness," persisted Drusilla, who, now that she had "broken the ice," was determined to go through.

"But, my dear, I put Richard Hammond upon a probation of twelve months, and the time has not expired yet."

"It is very nearly half gone, though. Five months of the allotted term has passed away. There are seven months of pensive wedding. Dear uncle, be kind to them and consume that term no months. Let them marry in May."

"Have they commissioned you to plead their cause, my dear?" gravely inquired General Lyon.

"Oh no, sir; they have not. And perhaps I am not doing the very best thing, considerate and important to meddle in the matter. If you do, I will beg pardon and be silent."

"Nonsense, my dear child! I think nothing of the sort. Speak all your thoughts freely to me. They are good and true thoughts, I know, though they may not be very worldly wise. Come now, why should I shorten the probation of Dick?"

"Oh, because he has behaved so well. Indeed, dear uncle, if you will excuse me, I think you should shorten Anna's. I think that you had just as well let Anna marry her now as half a year hence. I believe Dick will be as good now as he will ever be, so as any young man can be. Why do you put on probation? If Dick were playing a part during this good behavior, he could play it six months longer as well as he has played it six months past, for so great a stake as Anna's hand. But he is not playing a part. You know him."

General Seymour had never in all his earthly experience had the privilege of hearing a young female simper. Therefore the performances of Drusilla affected, I might even say, overwhelmed him or transported him, with equal wonder and delight.

And Drusilla exerted herself hour after hour, evening after evening, to please him, and took as much pleasure herself in the intense appreciation of her one single old admirer, as ever a great prima donna did in the applause of a whole world.

And the honest old gentleman's head was fairly turned with admiration and gratitude.

"To think," he said, as he walked home with his wife and daughter, one moonlight night, after spending an evening at Old Lyon Hall, "to think of having such a voice as that in the neighborhood! to think of being able to hear it several times a week, for the asking!" Oh! I laugh, indeed it ought, to raise the price of real estate in this locality! And it would do it, too, if people really could feel what good music is!"

"Pish," laughed the old wife, "you are an old gander. And if you were not grey and bald, and very good, I should be jealous."

"Oh, but mother, such strains! Oh, my heaven, such divine strains!" he exclaimed, catching his breath in ecstasy.

"What can you do when your St. Cecilia leaves the neighborhood?" inquired his daughter.

"Leave the neighborhood! Is she going to do that?" gasped the music-master.

"They are all going to Washington, next winter, she says."

"Then—then—go too! I say, mother, are women in town, would not be under the ban? And as we are to be there next winter: and then, I say, twice and sour in opposite directions

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were thrown open, letting in all the sunshine and the cool breeze of this bright May day. The walls were hung with festoons of fragrant flowers, and the large table in the centre was loaded with the splendid wedding presents of the bride.

It would take up too much time to tell of all these presents. You will find them fully described in the "Family Counsel" of that date. The wealth of Europe and America had been laid under contribution—sets of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls and other gems, sets of silver and plate; boxes of fine lace, et cetera.

But we must not omit to mention Drusilla's magnificent offering to the bride. It was also a "set," a tea set of pure gold, whose exquisite workmanship was even of more value than the costly material.

The appearance of the long dining-room, with the table laid for the wedding breakfast, should have immortalized the French cook if he had not been immortalized before. Here, also, all the windows were thrown open to the light and air. It would never do, said "Mother-in-Law," for people to be too warm while eating and drinking. Here, however, were no natural flowers. Their perishable petals, said "Mother-in-Law," affected too much the delicious aroma of the viands. But the walls were decorated with artificial flowers, with paintings and gildings, and with mirrors that multiplied the grandeur of the scene a thousandfold, and opened imaginary vistas into unending suites of splendid saloons on every side.

The breakfast had reached nearly the middle height of the long dining-room, and was mellowed by the approaching waltz into animation, other tables on every hand. It was beautifully arranged and unexpectedly lauded every delicacy of flesh, fish, and fowl that was in season, dressed to the most delicate manner every variety of rare and rich fruit and vegetables; wonderful pastries, creams, and ices; delicious wines and meats, coffees, wines, liqueurs, black and green teas, and coffee each in its own individual tea-tables, were among the good things displayed to the delighted eyes of the guests.

On the second floor, the bed-chambers and dressing-rooms were all in the most perfect order. There also the windows were thrown open to the light and air, and shaded only by the delicate green trees and flowering shrubs without. The beds and dressing-tables were freshly made, and with snow-white drapery; and on every side-table were held new ivory-handled brushes and combs, silver dishes of rose-leaves, and powdered pots of pomade; and about each room were every accommodation, comforts and luxuries that a guest could possibly require—all provided by a thoughtful friendship for those so near and considerate in the smallest details.

Early in the day those light, fragrant, and delighted chambers were filled with belles of fair fame, who were giving the last adornments to their own and to each other's gay toilet dressing, and where each was offering kind and tender words made all around.

They had need to carry, too; for the hour fixed for the ceremony was high noon, and they must all be ready and in their places at that hour.

The bride's chamber was the scene of the most interesting passages. Here she was being surrounded by her bride's-maids, and lovingly attended by Drusilla.

Anna's dress was a rich white moiré antique over a white silk slip, made with a low body and short sleeves, both edged with narrow lace. Her veil was of the finest point lace, bordered and bracketed of diamonds; on her hair she wore a wreath of orange blossoms very large and studded to the very bottom with of fine diamonds, which sparkled like the dewdrops that hung on the white satin and veil as dew. Her ear-rings were of the same costly gems, and a single strand of white pearls encircled her throat, and rolls of white satin.

On this auspicious and splendid day for the time, entirely laid aside her mourning. She looked beautiful and charming in her white satin, colored moire-antique, made with a low bodice and short sleeves, trimmed with point lace. Her neck and arms she wore a necklace and bracelets of pearls; on her brow she wore a wreath of half-open blush roses; on her bosom a bouquet, and on her hand a fan.

For this day also her little Leonard was dressed in pale blue, and sent out upon the lawn in the arms of his nurse, where he remained for the present, playing with a few select young children, delighted and delight on the wonderful pageantry around him.

The marriage-hour struck as tough.

The last bridesmaid, gazed herself around, and hurried down stairs to the drawing-room which was already crowded.

The bride and her maidens heard it, and began to smooth out the folds of their dresses, and touch the edges of their hair, and steal furtive glances at the mirrors to see that all was right before leaving the chamber and facing the hundreds of eyes in the drawing-room below.

Punctually as the last stroke of twelve sounded, the bridegroom and groomsmen came to the door.

The procession was formed in the usual manner, and passed down stairs.

The groomsmen-friends who took upon themselves the office of marshals, opened a way through the crowd for the bridal party to the station.

On the rug stood the Rev. Dr. Barbar, in his "vestments," just as he had entered the room; neither had all the rest was changed now. That was a dark and stormy November night, but this was a bright and beautiful May day.

The bridal party, with due decorum, took their places before the officiating minister. There was to be no ring-service now. The ring of the blooming bride was as clearly seen as when on the finger of the bridegroom. Anna responded clearly and distinctly to the questions of the clergyman. Leonard Lyon, with unsteady lips, but music eyes, gave the bride away. And this ceremony proceeded until the end of the prayers and blessings of the whole company.

Kisses and congratulations, tears and smiles followed, and took up twice as much time as the preceding solemnity had.

Then, at length, the company, led by the two husbands, marched into the breakfast-room.

The ladies were handed to the table, and the gentlemen took the nervous attendance behind them.

And the feast began.

Those ladies did not care to watch about the rich food, or feed, delicately though at those earlier night to. So they were left almost untouched, for the benefit of the gentlemen who might come after. But the beautiful pyramids of pound cake, the showy tops of ice-creams, the glittering glasses of quivering jelly, the tempting of fruits, the temples of sugar, the splendid confections, and groves of sugared flowers, were all left untouched.

The brides cake was cut up and distributed; but the ceremony of the prophetic ring failed to the lot of Miss Seymour.

At the right moment the first groomsman arose and made a speech, which was heartily cheered, and proposed health to—

"The bride and bridegroom," which was honored with bumpers of "Champagne."

Then the bridegroom arose and returned thanks in another speech, which was also cheered; and he proposed the health of—

"Our honored host and relative, the venerable Samuel Lyon," which was drank by all standing.

Then the veteran got up and in a few earnest words expressed his appreciation of the compliment and his esteem for his guests, and then he gave somebody else a toast.

Coloneldom arose and proposed the health of—

"Our beautiful young friend, Mrs. Alexander Lyon." And it was honored with enthusiasm.

Then Alexander Lyon, "yearning mightily to rise and answer," arose.

"Mr. Alexander Lyon," tearfully addressed the company, "I thought last night, on memory door—

"I wonder if she cares for me!"

And a little fellow at once suspected the state of the case with that bridesmaid.

But not knowing, this quickly dispelled the panic. Would that fellow never get done? Was Gillie Gallop to be married? No indeed. He was the very first to fill his glass and rise to his feet. His courage was followed by all present, and unworthy Alick's health was drank with the rest. And while the bravo still man honored the toast with his lips, he gulped in his heart for the company's retirement and return.

And oh! how Drusilla understood and loved and thanked him!

Other speeches were made and other toasts drank.

Then tea and coffee were handed around.

And one set of fusters gave way to another, like the flies in the fable of old.

The fatigue of the ceremony went out upon the lawn, where the brass band was in full play on their stand and the dancers were tripping it upon the grass-mat.

The feasting in the house and the music and dancing on the lawn was kept up the whole of that day. And so, even of the going down of the sun.

Never before had the youth of the neighborhood had such a carnival of frolicking. They feasted and danced all day, and danced all night, with unfaltered dance music, green, and sweet, and fragrant, and romantic was the most delightful thing in the world.

In the "wee sma' hours" of festivities, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, the bride, attended by Drusilla, appeared in a new and pretty dress, chamber and changed her bridal robes and veil for a travelling dress and bonnet. Then, amid a shower of gay flowers and rice, the bridal pair entered their carriage and drove off.

Then the other ladies were rapidly passed over, and the carriage drove up as the landing just as the sun was setting.

They are here in time, Miss," said Dick, assisting Drusilla to alight from the carriage. "Miss Lyon said if you'd be one, I'll see you safe aboard."

"Thank you, Dick. I shall be much obliged, for I should scarcely know how to find my way."

"I s'pose so, Miss Rue. But I can to the fore, and I'll make you all right. Don't concern yerself, I'll try and be here in time to see you safe aboard."

Here nodded approval, and moved along by the "dasher" of the carriage, where Dick gave her a seat on deck, placed her satchel beside her, and then left her to look around.

Here nodded approval, and moved along by the "dasher" of the carriage, where Dick gave her a seat on deck, placed her satchel beside her, and then left her to look around.

The sun was just sinking, and the cool, fresh, land-swearing sea, to ask him to pay some attention to his passenger.

Captain Ocean readily assented.

Drusilla, who had heard all, took after the god. Oakland landing, is it? Well out there by our side. Always keep on the starboard side, and there'll be plenty of time for her to get off. Wind as home and you'll be all right. Any more answers afterward? Oh yes—I understand. All right, my lad, and have a pleasant voyage."

The parties on the wharf, which these questions and answers had collected, now began to move, the pleasure excited in quiet. They were quite satisfied, and thought everything had been decided, and thought everything had been decided, and thought everything had been decided

ance, Sarah Wilkins?" asked a great voice to close to her head to make her start and turn quickly, in the direction of the speaker. He nodded his head to her and went on :

"I have strange friends to reconcile to each other that nephew of mine, for he is not exactly so—so orderly neat to be. I've been thinking this myself, and I found that he had left the memorandum book behind him. I'm blessed though if anybody can understand it. Here's a book in it, for its all writ in shorthand—as we've got to be, whether we like it or not, servant. Now, sir Mr. Wilkins made a more respectful bow to the young man, as he knew was the next heir to the property on which he lived.

The young man, besides looking man, with his compact, bright blue eyes, and a clever under jaw. He looked shrewder than his wife, but it was evident that neither of them was above the average of common farm hands in either manners or education.

Her explained to Wilkins the object of her visit, and he offered to accompany her at once to the library that she might see with what care the books had been kept.

Finding that he had already taken his upper with his nephew, Lem gladly accepted the offer, and rising, followed him toward the front hall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Crossing the hall, the pair, Mr. Wilkins entered the rear hall communicating with the vestibule. Here a door opened into a handsome room elegantly furnished with a carpet beautiful, a pale sea-green, with rosebuds and chairs of black velvet. A fluted carved covered the floor, and a solid mahogany table, stood between two large windows, which had been opened to admit the evening air.

Wilkins strode across the floor and in the farthest corner of the room, a door which gave admittance to the tower which Mr. Morton had added to the house for the purpose of a private room for his wife, and after her death to be converted into a library.

It was an octagon room, chiefly lighted from the roof, and the walls, with the exception of the doors and windows, were painted a dark brown color, and ornamented with a cornice festooned with a deep fringe of gold.

Over the mantel-piece, which was of white marble, with its bright green shade, occupied the centre of the panel, and the whole was carved and then drawn up near it. The book-cases were built in the walls, and filled with the most select square of glass set in fantastic arabesque patterns, and contained the choicest works of the most eminent home and foreign writers.

Mrs. Washington and Franklin, Bonaparte and Napoleon were there, and over the door was that of the great Bard of Avon, and the noble Bacon of them all—Andrew Jackson.

Mr. Wilkins had a good deal, and explained to them many things in his clumsy fashion, but he cannot understand. He found many books there in that book-case on the left hand, and she was glad to see a flight of steps near the window, leading to the higher shelves was in the room.

"Do I can access to all those cases, Mr. Wilkins?" asked she, as he closed the door of the lower case.

"Oh, that's no matter, Mary; we can find a ladder, I reckon, and that sets up a bit if you make many of 'em away with you, I'd like to know what for. I'm sure I've no use for 'em, only dust gathers on 'em, that's all."

"Of course—that is not right. How it is, you know your uncle's wishes, and if you choose you can keep the order."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilkins, for the kindness of your intentions; but you have taken more trouble than was necessary on my account. I am afraid that I shall be ungrateful enough to decline the step you so kindly offer."

"Is it?" but it's the best thing in nature for weak and sickly people, and I'm sure you're that's neither here nor there. The trick under, you'll drink a dose of sage tea every day, and really look as if you want something to strengthen you. It's being a sight of a girl to pity you now. And that 'minds me—I hope you also will be ready to sleep in a room by yourself. It's only one fit to put you in that one joining the library, where old Mr. Morton and his wife died. Think so far off from me and Tom, for the back window looks out on the garden and orchard, and if you are to call out in the night we'd hear you easy enough."

"Were I am so loose I sleep in a room alone, but I have been used to it, and I shall be very much afraid to do so here, though the place is strange to me. There is a good deal to be done in the library."

"Yes, yes; the fatherless it is the best of order, for William is methodical, and he would not be lands to use, as Mrs. Hawks loves him something for keeping things together and in their regular. You'll excuse him for not coming to speak with you again, but he is a good deal busy with working all day in the harvest field, and he's gone to bed half an hour ago."

"Has Mr. Wilkins no one to assist him?"

"We don't keep a hired man, for we can't afford it, and with help now and then, Tom manages to get along very well with the farm left us. Sincey lived with us from the time he was a little boy, and he's a good deal of help, and was sent away to school. Then he studied law, and now he's down from Albany to Newport. He's the junior partner, and comes down every Saturday to see his mother, getting much of the profits, as kept to be the case when young men like him first set up for themselves with long-headed men wisely got a good start. But Sammy don't complain, and he always says that his turn will come some day, and then he'll give the stuff back again."

Lem vaguely wondered if it was honest or respectable, but as he had no idea of the meaning of the last possible interest to her, she made no comment on what seemed unreasonable.

She was really glad to retire to the room prepared for her, and when Mrs. Wilkins made an ominous bewerque Mrs. Wilkins hastened to bring him here, though she felt confident that more than that in spite of the good woman's praises of her nephew's character, he would prove a bodily ailment to which flesh is heir.

"Now, Mrs. Wilkins, you can go, you may be tired and sleepy."

"Can I do anything more for you, Miss Lem? Are you sure you don't want to comment to-night?"

"Nothing more, thank you. I can well go myself, and I have night clothes, brushes, and combs in my satchel. I shall be asleep in ten minutes after I get into bed."

"I hope so, Miss; and I'm sure that nothing will happen to disturb you. The dog barking around the house is not only enough to fright, but he'll not disturb you, for Tom has set him up in a cushion in the hall where he can go away. He's a mighty smart dog, but he's too old to be much account, and scrapers is on the place."

Wilkins nothe needed as a guard to-night. He could be shut up in the morning again before I am ready to go out."

"So he might; but Tom has put him up, and I guess he'll have to stay where he is all night. I wouldn't go after him for my right hand, for as well as he knows me, nigger would be likely to jump at me, and nearly tear me in pieces if I went nigh him after he's been shut up a good. He ain't to be trusted nohow."

With this sentence, Mrs. Wilkins nodded, and was about to leave the room when the eyes of her young guest suddenly fell upon a small oval picture on which the full-figure of the lamp fell. For a moment she thought it was the face of Miss Gaston looking down upon her from the wall, but a second glance showed her that the dress was not the same, that the hair was not dark, and spreading the departing steps of Mrs. Wilkins, she said :

"Whose picture is that? It is strangely like a young girl I have lately met."

"That! Oh, she aint one of the family; but there was a great deal written over grandpa, I've heard tell; and when a great painter came here to take the pictures of the Gaston, Mr. Horton would have Anna Moore's painted at the same time. It's strange how there since any time, just as the old gentleman placed is himself."

"Who was Anna Moore, and how came my grandfather to be so fond of her?"

"She was only the housekeeper's darter, but she was pretty, odd enact, and Mr. Morton had her educated with your ma and Mrs. Hawks, but when they all growed up, poor Anna found out that she was beyond her proper set here, and them that was above her wouldn't look at her as one o' themselves. There was some strange things told about her, but I don't mind 'em much now, she's long ago; and when she was married many a year ago to some man in Virginia, and never came back. Mr. Morton people's born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and I know her drowning, for I think that Anna Moore found some letter in the post office, and kept them for many years."

She had plain, then, before she was prepared to hear.

The woman shook her head mysteriously.

"I don't know about that, Miss Lem; I don't rip up old stories, and what folks said of her I don't know, and I don't want to know. But the good night, Miss Lemuel; I'll see you in the morning, and I'll send Sincey to you with your own some fire, for I'm afraid you'll find it chilly."

Lem thanked her, and after a faint sigh of relief at the departure of Mrs. Wilkins, began proving pins, then took up the lamp and examined the picture more closely. It was one of little picture. I wonder if the two can be found anywhere else? I will ask Sincey when he thinks about it and all the thinking I could do would not help me to the solution of the mystery."

Then thinking, Lem prepared herself for repose. She locked the door, loosened the lamp, and then, with the light burning low, and the shade drawn down, she knelt down and prayed devoutly, she took refuge in the comfortable bed, which Mrs. Wilkins could see the snowy sheets and the down of the pillows, and then, with a sigh of weariness, she closed her eyes and sank into the deep sleep of youth and perfect health.

"Strange," she muttered, "that the girl who is the heroine of the mystery should be in my favor, should look so like one who was reared in the same house with her! Strange the backing of her family, and Mrs. Wilkins evidently knew nothing of the mystery connected with the picture. I wonder if the two can be found anywhere else? I will ask Sincey when he thinks about it and all the thinking I could do would not help me to the solution of the mystery."

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She was awakened from the sleep of birds, and she listened for a moment to the sweet carol of the feathered songsters, and then, with a faint sigh of remembrance, she sprang from the bed, and began to dress herself.

She had not been long at her toilet, when she heard a step in the hall, and then a gentle knock at the door.

"Sincey, Miss Lem, and I've brought you some fire, and I'll be back in a minute with some hot water."

"Thank you, Mrs. Wilkins, for the kindness of your intentions; but you have taken more trouble than was necessary on my account. I am afraid that I shall be ungrateful enough to decline the step you so kindly offer."

"Is it?" but it's the best thing in nature for weak and sickly people, and I'm sure you're that's neither here nor there. The trick under, you'll drink a dose of sage tea every day, and really look as if you want something to strengthen you. It's being a sight of a girl to pity you now. And that 'minds me—I hope you also will be ready to sleep in a room by yourself. It's only one fit to put you in that one joining the library, where old Mr. Morton and his wife died. Think so far off from me and Tom, for the back window looks out on the garden and orchard, and if you are to call out in the night we'd hear you easy enough."

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

FUNK VOICES.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

As through the vistas of the loosest life
From the far future comes sweet summerings—
Faint whispers promising increase from strife—
And deep rest, like that contentment brings;
So, through the mists, cold, grey and chilly shower
Of early Spring, was softly breathed the tone,
Sweet with the sunlight of deep peace to be,
And somewhat sunshine in the lap of June.

Now all the leaves have broadened in the grade,
And all the birds have built their nests in June;
All good the golden promises can make,
With nobler largess ana enspiring cheer.
From wintry words, rose copse and dingle coils
A million voices swell the perfect tune—
Rivulet-like, wild-wood, tuneful, musical bells—
To sound the praises of imperial June.

Bees,
Born in the meadow, where the grass grows long,
Are the first singers of the late golden song,
And the cool pulsing of the throstle's song
In crystal chorus with the rippling rill
Up in the branches of the wild-crab tree,
The cedar listens to the sweet-voiced wren,
Twice his sixth grand improvising
Then bursts with music, for he knows 'tis June.

The locust-gushes from the covert nook;
The teeming bumble-bee's resounding tune,
And the glad throbs of the happy brook,
Are all the sounds that fill the golden hours.
Silvery cries at the bobbin morning hours,
Golden and deep in the long afternoon,
With heat and fragrance in her lap of flowers,
Earth sings the praises of imperial June.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

NO. XI.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CALCUTTA.—STORY OF THE BLACK HOLE.

On the next day after the visit from the English officers came down to the Point for the ostensible purpose of investigating the circumstances attending that fatal affray. They went on board the Spanish ship first, and dined with both the captain and the mate—who had been so recently made captain; and I have since had it intimated that the new-fledged commander had no disposition to enter any complaint against the man whose sword had given to him his present enviable station. Then the English officers went on board the two Portuguese vessel, and drank wine with the surviving officers; and by the time they were ready to return they had, in all probability, forgotten that any foul had ever been fought.

We had expected that there might be some trouble between the crews of the two vessels; but it seemed that the Portuguese captain was somewhat of a gentleman, after all. On the afternoon of the day of the duel, as we afterwards learned, he went ashore with the Spaniard, and informed the officer in command that he would cheerfully meet any ship that it was desired; and he would have done so before if he had been asked in a respectful manner. He said he did not like to be commanded to do such a thing where the water was free. But the Spaniard said, No. He could unload very well where he was, and should be glad to have, there were plenty of other favorable berths.

So a few pleasant words had thrown oil upon the troubled waters, and all seemed to be satisfied.

It will be understood that when we reached the Hooghly the rainy season was over, and that it was termed the "cold season" had commenced. This cold season commences about the first of November, and lasts through February; but it is not like one of our Yankee winters—not in the least. The mercury at the thermometer seldom sinking below 70°, and averaging from 75° to 78°, when it might be warmer than our early autumnal or spring temperature. But it seems colder there than it does in New England with the thermometer at the same notch. The nature of the country—so much of it low and moist, in the neighborhood of the river Hooghly—produces an atmosphere that absorbs electricity from the body, so that there is none of that zest in the circulation which, in the northern portions of the United States, makes us feel comfortable with the mercury at 40° while at 70° the wearer carry their fans.

As might be supposed, one of my chief desires was to see the famous "*Black Hole of Calcutta*." My readers have probably a general idea of it, and many of them may be as well acquainted with the story as I am. Suffice it, then, that they know the circumstances, I will give them as I gathered them from one of the officers who was so courteous as upon our visit.

Calcutta was founded in possession of three small villages upon the Hooghly which they bought of the native princes. And right years later the Indian prince, named Surajah Dowlah, who was friendly to the English, gave them a portion of the lease of three villages, and allowed them to erect fortifications. The first fortification was erected at the village of Gutty Nutty, and was called Fort William, in compliment to the flagship of the time. Under the protection of this fort quite a settlement sprang up here, and the business of the company was conducted accordingly. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, France and England being at war, trouble sprung up between the French and English in India, in which war Calcutta bore its part of pinched warfare; and it was while the interests of the English commission were turned towards their Christian enemy that Surajah Dowlah, who had recently become Nabob of Bengal, and who hated the British, gathered together a large army and made an attack upon Calcutta, when the English were in no way prepared for proper defence.

It was in June, 1756, that the Nabob made his attack, with an army of seventy thousand horsemen and four hundred elephants. Calcutta was then a small place, and those who could run to the fort for protection. After slumbering the town, and selling it to the enemy, many planter Surajah Dowlah turned his attention to the fort, which was defended by a force of about two hundred, with great bravery; but they could not hope to hold out against such a force as was marshalled by the Nabob. Some of the officers, and many of the civilians, who had not succeeded in getting to the fort, had taken refuge on board the ships in the river, and the garrison surrendered on the 20th of June, the garrison surrendered on the 20th of June, the garrison surrendered on the terms that the soldiers were to be made prisoners of war.

Down in the basement of the fort was a dungeon, not quite eighteen feet square, constructed for the confinement of refractory soldiers or dangerous prisoners; and to-day it is the demand deemed it safe to keep more than four persons in it at the same time. The unthinking being such that not more than that number could possibly be kept there with safety. Into this dungeon Surajah Dowlah ordered his prisoners to be put and locked up for the night, and Mr. Holwell, who was of the number, and who chanced to be one of the survivors, says that he required the utmost strength of many men to close the door of the dungeon, so tightly were the prisoners pressed in!

Think of it! Not even strain and press to close the lid of your chest when you had packed it so full that the contents refused to be compressed within the required limits! Then

[CALCUTTA, as called from *Kali Ghaut*, the name of a celebrated temple of Kali, the goddess of destruction, which stood on the banks of the Hooghly, and which was the principal object that presented itself to the eye of the stranger approaching the city. The present capital of Bengal, which is also the largest city in India, is situated on the east bank of the Hooghly, about 100 miles above the river's mouth. Fort William, in the native mode of speech, changes the last syllable of Fort William, in the native mode of speech, changes the last syllable of Fort to Gut.—EDITOR.]

think of a dozen stout men setting their shoulders to that iron-bound door, and straining with all their might to shut it against the human mass that overfilled the narrow space! But the door was closed and barred, and the guards were posted upon the outside.

To this dungeon there were two windows, two small barred loop-holes, both upon one side, through which but little air could come at best; but when we remember that the town was on fire in many parts, and that the air of Calcutta was hardly fit to breathe from the dense smoke with which it was loaded, that must have been the air within that dungeon! It was in the hot season, too, when the air would have been stifling and oppressive at best, and when only the most shady and elevated spots could have been anywise comfortable, allowing that no fire had been pouring forth their suffocating clouds of smoke!

The unhappy prisoners had been thus confined but a very few moments when they broke forth into profane perspiration, and as the system thus began to throw off its water, of course they were seized with fierce thirst. Those near the windows held up their face to the air, while those who were in the rear strove to press forward. Some one of their number suggested that if they removed their clothing they would have more room to stand in, and most of them stripped themselves bare; but the relief was not perceptible. Then were strong men against

the rear wall, and as they began to press forward towards the loop-holes, the weaker ones were crushed under foot, many of them being crushed to death, and then only freed from suffering.

One of the guards, who stood at a window, was offered a thousand rupees if he would have the goodness to call the prisoners, but the word away, but soon returned, saying that it could not be done, for the Nabob was too drunk! And the man told them that the Nabob was asleep, and that no one dared to awaken him!

As the night advanced the cry for water became perfectly frantic, and the few drops that brought some in a pail; but the pail could not be taken through the bars, so those who stood by the windows took it in their hats, and in the rush to secure the water it was spilled. No more was brought, and the prisoners now tried to get the guard to fire upon them by means of big them. They howled, and hooted, and hunted the guards with curses, but they were deaf to them; and then, in the midst of the confusion, the soldiers of the Nabob brought torches, and crowded about the windows to gloat upon the horrible spectacle!

As the night crept on, all self-control was lost; many of the unfortunates became delirious; some in the press raved madly forward towards the windows; the weak and fainting ones were borne down and trampled under foot, and ever and anon some poor creature in a fit of frenzy would break down and have private room. After midnight the shouts became dreadful, and grew worse and worse until morning. Then a dead lull succeeded, and the suffering wretches—of raging, and frenzied, and prayed, and cursed, and fought like madmen. To say that it had become a howling pandemonium would be but one of the horrors of the place. The imagination is powerless to picture the full horrors of those wretched creatures, or the worse than infernal scenes that were there enacted. Those who were drawing a picture of Tartarus, with this nearly-buried Hooghly tomb of the Black Hole before them, and their cries of blasting serpents, never approached the reality!

By midnight the victims began to drop off fast, and the passages to the windows were filled with the dead and dying. Those who survived were crushed down upon the floor, and trampled upon by the struggling mass above them. Many died standing, and could not fall for want of room. Many died of suffocation, and many more of apoplexy, and by two o'clock in the morning the Nabob awoke, and ordered the door to be opened. Then, out of one hundred and forty-six souls, only twenty-three crawled forth, and they were so much changed as to be utterly powerless; but the fresh air revived them, and in time they recovered their senses and their strength. One hundred and twenty-three bodies were piled up that night, having met death in a shape as horrible as that falling of torrent could assume!

Mr. Holwell was willing to believe that Surajah Dowlah did not fully realize the extent of the catastrophe, and that the awful result was due to the malevolence of a few infernal officers; but the majority of those who were cognizant of the facts were certain that it was premeditated murder.

Lord Clive, who was at that time at Madras, heard of the fall of Calcutta, and at once raised a strong force of English and Sepoys and marched up the river to retake the stronghold. The outfits was retaken, and, in just one year from the memorable night of the Black Hole, Surajah Dowlah at Plassey, where he overcame and entirely routed Surajah's army, and, on the same day, the sanguinary Nabob was dethroned and put to death.

I found the Black Hole used as a warehouse; but no other, not even the Old Fort, remained, not the gate in memory of the victims who had fallen during that eventful night of June 20th, 1756. I went down into the dungeon, where a few chests of goods were piled up, and thought of how one hundred and forty-six stout men could have stood in that narrow space, and pencil and made some figures upon a piece of paper; and I found that, upon dividing the superficies of the floor into squares, it would allow a square to each man of about seventeen inches upon a side. Now, an ordinary-sized man measure from four and eight to nine inches across the shoulders, and many more across the hips, so that it is easy to see how they were packed, and we find the area requiring a space of at least nineteen inches in diameter in which to stand; so that those poor fellows must have been packed in there in a solid mass. And then I faceted the air all breathed up in a very few minutes, and I thought of the hot, smoke-laden air that came in at those two barred loop-holes, to supply those with the life-sustaining element, I stood there, then pondering, until my own breath came short and gasping with difficulty; and then I followed my companions up into the Old Fort, and by a broad stairway of the local build; and now I had seen it, and had heard its story, and I felt that I should never forget it.

As we were coming out from the old fortress we were met by two English officers, who recognized Capt. Matthews; and, after chatting with him a few moments, they invited him to repair to a neighboring café with them for a social session, too, when the air would have more and oppressive at best, and when only the most shady and elevated spots could have been anywise comfortable, allowing that no fire had been pouring forth their suffocating clouds of smoke!

The unhappy prisoners had been thus confined but a very few moments when they broke forth into profane perspiration, and as the system thus began to throw off its water, of course they were seized with fierce thirst. Those near the windows held up their face to the air, while those who were in the rear strove to press forward. Some one of their number suggested that if they removed their clothing they would have more room to stand in, and most of them stripped themselves bare; but the relief was not perceptible. Then were strong men against

the rear wall, and as they began to press forward towards the loop-holes, the weaker ones were crushed under foot, many of them being crushed to death, and then only freed from suffering.

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